to tame the beast

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by herding_elephants

Summary

Hannibal likes to entice Will's beast during the full moon even if he doesn't change. Will does so unexpectedly during the full moon.

Hannibal had mentioned the blood moon in passing in the morning, noting that it had been printed about in the newspaper. Will hadn't given it much more thought than a grunt as he was still busy finishing his first cup of coffee and had then gone to work, Hannibal pressing a soft kiss on his cheek before they took two different cars to two different places of work and would only see each other again in the evening.

His work was notably unnotable, despite the full moon which always drew some troublemakers – and serial killers - out and Will was more than glad to go home on time. Although he rarely ever changed now during a full moon – and often only to placate Hannibal's monsterfucking desires, he still felt all tingly and horny and more agitated than he usually was. Hannibal liked to brew his special tea those evening because even when Will didn't change he could certainly entice him to rougher activities than they normally did when Will usually was far too careful not to hurt his lover.

The first time he had done so without Will's knowledge and had paid a bigger price than he had bargained for. Will had punished him for quite some time withholding his affection until Hannibal had groveled for forgiveness long enough and Will had gotten sick of laying hand on himself.

Now it was yet another chance to let loose, letting his beast out when it was so active under his skin.

Hannibal was not home yet despite his shorter way back to their house and Will figured that he was shopping for their dinner and decided to vanish into the workshop for a while. He had been tinkering around with a boat motor for a few weeks to try and get it back working.

When Hannibal called him for dinner he gave up for the day, happy with the progress he had made and cleaned himself up properly before he joined Hannibal in the dining room, sitting down in his spot. Hannibal came with the plates mere seconds later and put them down, pouring them some wine.

The food was perfect as every day and their conversation was not as deep as other evenings – Will's patience for it was simply not there on full moons and Hannibal accepted this and refrained from getting too philosophical on that day.

With dessert Hannibal served them the tea and Will emptied his cup as he always did. He already made his way upstairs while he left Hannibal to clean up, awaiting his lover in their bed, stretched out, dozing although the beast was already roaring under his skin. When Hannibal came upstairs, already shedding his jacket as he entered the room Will was ready to throw him on the floor to fuck.

Hannibal seemed to know how eager Will was and shed the rest of his clothes quickly. Will got rid of his as well, throwing them into a heap on the floor while Hannibal already pressed kisses on his face, straddling him. Will gripped into his hips as hard as he could, being rewarded by a slight moan of Hannibal against his lips and he snarled. Sometimes it seemed as if the tea made Hannibal even crazier than himself.

He threw them around and trapped Hannibal under him and the man yielded all his control to him. He was already prepared as always and clawed at Will's back, pulled his hair, unrestrained in his pleasure and lust while Will fucked as if he knew nothing else. As if it was all he ever did. He came quickly, snarling as he finished deep inside Hannibal, who clenched around him while Will pressed him into the mattress to the point of total immobility.

Will collapsed on Hannibal's chest after, ignoring the pool of precum and Hannibal's hard cock trapped between their sweaty bodies. He was selfish on those nights and Hannibal simply had to deal with it.

He started to move as much as Will allowed him, using his heavy weight on top of himself to get almost painful pressure, aided by his own precome. Will prevented him from sneaking a hand in between their bodies. He enjoyed Hannibal writhing under him, moaning, desperately chasing his pleasure while completely under Will's mercy.

When he finally grew stiff, moaning as his hips continued moving and Will felt the wetness spread between them, he chuckled and pulled Hannibal into another kiss. He kept Hannibal under him possessively while they made out, Hannibal desperately grabbed and clawing at him, to not leave any space between them.

The tea started to develop its full effect now and the room bled around him so comfortably that the only thing still in focus was his husband's face under him. Will concentrated on that alone.

It didn't take him long to go again, wired up from the mushrooms and his superior turnaround as a werewolf and Hannibal whined and moaned through the overstimulation while wrapping his long legs around Will's hips to keep him as deeply inside him as possible.

Will put marks all over his body, claiming what was his with every bite and scratch on Hannibal's body. He knew despite loving all of it, Hannibal would complain about the marks he would need to hide. It only made Will more likely to bite above his shirt collar.

They cuddled together in the afterglow, the room too hot for blankets and Hannibal bedded his head on Will's chest and fell asleep quickly, his body shimmering in sweat with dark marks starting to bloom all over his body.

Will followed suit, deep dreamless sleep pulling him into the dark although he knew that he would dream of moons and wolves all night. His mind often raced through woods, howling at the moon even if he did not.

He jolted awake in the middle of the night, a familiar sensation moving downwards in his body, making every inch of his skin tingle. He shoved Hannibal off him quite forcefully, which caused him to groan at the sudden and harsh wake-up. Only a few seconds passed until Will felt his fingers elongating and he realized that he was turning. Panicking internally he tried to stop it but the next noise out of his mouth was already a yelp and he burst into his werewolf so strongly the entire bed shook and the wood creaked dangerously.

Will shook himself to get rid of all the tingly feeling in his body and willed himself to just lay down and sleep the change off. He hadn't changed unintentionally since he was a child.

Hannibal had recovered quickly from the wake up and now scooted over to him, a glint in his eye Will knew far too well. Just one whiff of Hannibal's arousal made his beast roar internally. He pushed his face into Hannibal's and licked him, tasting the sweat mixed with his arousal and natural scent while Hannibal pressed himself against him, twisting his body against Will's coarse fur. When Will pushed him back into the bed, Hannibal arched his back as much as he could under Will's heavy form, showing off his ass like the prize it was.

Will lapped at if a few times before he moved up and took Hannibal's neck between his strong jaws, forcing him to stay completely still and pushed in. Despite them fucking earlier it was a very tight squeeze but Will forced his way in. Hannibal whimpered as he helplessly clenched around the massive intrusion.

Will didn't give him any time to get used to it but started to fuck right away. Pulling out almost all the way and slamming back inside so forcefully it pushed Hannibal up the bed with every thrust.

Hannibal reached behind himself, petting Will's body where he could reach. His body twisted in pleasure under Will, only enticing him to fuck harder and faster, drawing moans out of Hannibal that hitched up when Will slammed inside.

Hannibal came untouched, clenching so hard around Will that he saw stars for a second and nearly snapped his jaws shut. He fucked through it with even more force until he felt the knot forming and slammed inside Hannibal one last time, immediately locking them together while Hannibal's body desperately tried to accommodate the intrusion.

Panting they lowered themselves on the mattress, Hannibal getting crushed under Will who bedded his head by his side. Hannibal reached up carefully and scratched Will's ears who started to wag his tail in response, supplying himself with a much needed breeze.

Neither of them moved any further until his knot resolved and he carefully pulled himself out of Hannibal and rolled to the side.

Hannibal groaned slightly as he turned on his back but the satisfaction was written all over his face and his eyes started to flutter closed. Will curled together in bed and was just about to fall asleep when his stomach grumbled. Loudly.

He tried to ignore it and will himself to just fall asleep but the second grumble seemed even louder in the quiet room and Will felt like his stomach was eating itself. Hannibal by his side already moved, carefully climbing out of bed and moving rather gingerly but not bothering to put on any clothes as he made his way downstairs, Will trailing closely behind, licking his back a few times just because it was right in front of him.

Hannibal pulled some meat out of the freezer he specifically kept for Will in his werewolf form and threw him an arm.

"You'll have to take it frozen today," he mentioned but Will didn't care much. The frozen flesh broke under his powerful jaws as did the bones and he slung it down in a few big bites, devouring several more arms and other thick pieces of meat Hannibal handed him.

Full enough for his stomach to distend and satisfied, they made their way back upstairs. Fueled by the food Will didn't think about sleeping. Hannibal laid down, not bothering with the blankets and his breathing started to slow already as Will started to lap at his ass again, his long tongue reaching far in between his cheeks and making him writhe in pleasure and oversensitivity.

Will lapped more insistently, reaching as deep as he could but as Hannibal still did not react any further he grabbed him by his hips, digging his claws into defenseless skin and pulled him across the bed. Hannibal gave him a little whine but didn't move to get out of his grip, his eyes still mostly closed. Will was hard again, hurting even and without any more preparation he plunged back into the tight heat of Hannibal, holding him up on his hips. Hannibal did not even try to put his knees under himself or hold himself up in any way. Will didn't mind. He had no trouble keeping him just like he liked him while he pushed in as deeply as he could, snarling over the tightness fully encasing him. He started to fuck quickly after that, Hannibal's body like a ragdoll under him, getting pushed around although there was noise out of him now. Whines and whimpering in both pain and pleasure.

When his knot formed and lodged itself deeply inside Hannibal, Will gently lowered him back on the bed and laid on top, his heavy stomach almost uncomfortably pressing against Hannibal's back.

After his knot resolves and his beast is satisfied Will falls asleep – right on Hannibal's back with not a care about how and if Hannibal was breathing under him.

When he woke up he still slept in the same position, draped over Hannibal's back, nose buried into a pillow right by Hannibal's face. Will groaned and rolled over and looked back. There were deep scratches on Hannibal's hips, adding to the countless similar scars already there, deep bitemarks on his shoulders and neck and even some ripped out hair on the bed. His legs were slightly splayed, showing still red and irritated skin in between. His body was caked in fluids and Will could smell himself on Hannibal even with his human nose. The beast in him preened over that realization, itching to push back out to once again taste and take what was his but Will pressed back. He felt exhausted, all energy drained from his body.

He watched Hannibal's back moving slightly with deep breaths while he slept. He knew despite how silent he would be getting up that Hannibal would wake up. He seemed to have a sixth sense for when Will left him and he did not appreciate it. Will was only to leave when Hannibal deemed it acceptable or to follow him out of bed.

Will nudged Hannibal with his foot a while later, trying to rise him as his stomach threatened to eat itself up. He never had been so hungry after a change.

Hannibal moved slightly but made no move to get up so Will nudged him again but as it didn't rise him he moved over, peppering kisses over his cheek and neck. Hannibal groaned, grabbing onto Will to pull him away but he was insistent, so long until he got Hannibal up and followed him downstairs to get some breakfast. He fed the dogs while Hannibal began to cook. Bread and eggs at first. Eggs and sausage next. Cake. French toast. But Will still practically licked the plate clean. Hannibal didn't seem too concerned and continued cooking. Breakfast went over into lunch without a minute between it and it was already late in the afternoon when Will finally seemed sated and they returned to the bedroom after showering.

Bruises had formed all over Hannibal's body, the scratch marks swelled and bleed in some spots and he was still moving rather carefully, sinking into bed now and Will held him, running his hand through his hair.

"What happened?" He eventually asked out loud, wondering.

"The blood moon," Hannibal told him. "And the tea might have made you hungrier than usual."

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